

PEARY NOT TO TRY FOR SOUTH POLE

Famous Discoverer Returns from Tour of Europe.

New York, June 17.—Commander Robert E. Peary arrived to-day on the steamer Mauretania. He was enthusiastic about the reception he had had in Europe, and incidentally emphatic in stating he had no intention of going to the south pole.

He was accompanied by Mrs. Peary, his son and daughter, and Capt. Robert Bartlett. The explorer said that since his departure, on April 28, he had lectured about reaching the north pole in London, Berlin, Rome, Vienna, Budapest, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Manchester, Cardiff, Bristol, Brussels, Antwerp, and New Amsterdam.

When asked if he intended to try for the antarctic pole, he replied: "I repeated a thousand times that I would not try for the antarctic pole. I did all I could last year to get an American expedition under way. But the time was limited, and, as you know, so far nothing has been done."

"I think Capt. Scott will reach the south pole. The English people are very much interested in his expedition, and I understand it is magnificently equipped, so I think nothing unless some serious mishap, like the loss of their ship, can prevent their winning. They have a good base, and Scott and Shackleton have blazed the way within 100 miles of the pole. They know the road pretty well, and knowing the road is half the trip."

YOUNG THESPIANS MAKE HIT.

"Midsummer Night's Dream" Presented at Central High School. With "A Midsummer Night's Dream" as the vehicle, the dramatic association of Central High School last night achieved a result that would have done credit to professionals. The play was given for the benefit of the playgrounds, and was presented in the assembly hall of the school.

The roles were portrayed with a high degree of intelligence and understanding, and altogether showed a praiseworthy result of the young Thespians' patient rehearsing. Allison Colonna and Raymond Greathouse were especially good as Bottom and Quince. The settings were excellent. The assembly hall was taxed to its capacity. The cast:

Mortals—Prologue, Miriam Franc; Thee, John B. Baird; Hippolyta, Elizabeth Heilmüller; Demetrius, Richard Hale; Helena, Laura Wessels; Lysander, Wright McCormick; Hermia, Ruth Burnard; Puck, Helen Enoch and Sophie Young; Bottom, Allison Colonna; Quince, Raymond Greathouse; Snug, Ramsey Spillman; Flute, Edwin Harsch; Snout, Norman Flecher; Starveling, Chauncey Winstead—attendants of Duke Theseus, Fairies—Oberon, Emily Gillilan; Titania, Cyrrille Ireton; Peasblossom, Florence Courn—attendants of Oberon, Cobweb, Caroline Johnson; Motus, Gertrude Simpson; Mustard Seed, Gertrude Brown—attendants of Titania.

Music under direction of Halstead P. Hoover; dances under direction of M. Isabelle Weber.

ARMY AND NAVY.

Army Orders.

First Lieut. WILLIAM E. HALL, Medical Reserve Corp., upon arrival at San Francisco, will proceed to Whittier Barracks, Ariz., and report for duty.

NAVY Orders.

The following orders have been issued: Commander J. HOOD, to duty conference Naval War College, Newport, R. I.

French Actress Loses Suit.

Paris, June 17.—The third civil court to-day overruled the plea of Mme. Lantôme in the suit for damages brought against her by the Athènes Theater for damages because of her refusal to play Manon in Henry Bataille's comedy on the ground that the part was indecent and unfit for an honest artist to play.

Ocean Steamships.

New York, June 17.—Arrived: Graf Waldersee, from Hamburg, June 1.

BAND CONCERT TO-DAY.

By Fifteenth Cavalry Band, G. F. Tzell, director, Potomac drive. March, "Nibelungen"; Wagner Overture, "Lustspiel"; Keler Bell Waltz, "Red, White, and Blue"; Toban Intermezzo, "The Gondolier"; Fowell Characteristic, "Daisy's Jamboree"; Premier Selection, "Yankee Prince"; Cohen Spanish Serenade, "La Paloma"; Gradier March, "The Fortune Teller"; Herbert "Star Spangled Banner".

CONFER OVER UPPER HOUSE.

Government and Opposition Try to Reach Amicable Agreement.

London, June 17.—The much-talked-of conference between the government and the opposition over the House of Lords' veto was held in the House of Commons this afternoon. The government was represented by Prime Minister Asquith, Chancellor of the Exchequer Lloyd-George, the Earl of Crews, secretary of state for the colonies and leader in the House of Lords, and Augustine Birrell, chief secretary for Ireland.

OFFERS TO SEVER HAND.

J. R. Keene Willing to Undergo Sacrifice if He Did Wrong.

New York, June 17.—"If you find anything wrong in what I have done, I will give my hand under the hatchet," said James R. Keene, after he had been closely examined for an hour to-day by Abraham I. Etkus, counsel for the receiver of the firm of Lathrop, Haskins & Co., which went broke because of the collapse of the Hocking pool.

TRIES TO KILL DIPLOMAT.

Russian Fires at Swiss Secretary but Bullet Goes Wild.

Paris, June 17.—While walking in the Champs Elysees this afternoon, M. de Segesser, first secretary of the Swiss legation in Paris, was suddenly stopped by a Russian in the name of Antonovitch, who fired a shot from a revolver point blank at him. M. de Segesser jumped aside and the bullet missed him. He seized the Russian and turned him over to the police. The assassin was lodged in jail.

LATEST FASHIONS.

CHILDREN'S DRESS.

Paris Pattern No. 3288. All Seams Allowed.

To dress little children is one of the easiest and pleasant parts of a mother's tasks. It is a good way to learn a very useful art. We show in the accompanying picture an exceptional style for smaller girls. This dress is made with a yoke and this yoke has a fancy outline at its lower edge, being cut away in two points which slant upward.

From the pointed portion of the yoke extend two small box pleats, which extend the entire length of the dress. At each side of these box pleats are a number of small tucks to supply the fullness needed. In the back of the dress there is no yoke at all, but on each side of the waist are tucks, attached down their entire length. The small skirt is gathered and sewed to the waist from the box pleats to the center of the back, where the closing is arranged. This little frock will be sweet in lawn, flingham, challis or any of the mercerized cottons. The pattern is cut in sizes 2 to 8 years. To make the dress in the 4-year size will require 2 1/2 yards of material 36 inches wide, with 2 1/2 yards of insertion, 1 1/2 yards of edging and 1 yard of beading if trimmed as illustrated.

Washington Herald Pattern Coupon.

Name.....

Address.....

Size desired.....

Fill out the numbered coupon and cut out pattern, and inclose with 10 cents in stamps or coin, addressed to Pattern Department, The Washington Herald, Washington, D. C.

High Price for Pictures.

London, June 17.—At a sale at Christy's to-day the painting, "Stokeley Neyland, Suffolk," by J. Constable, R. A., sold for 8,800 guineas.

In Scotland the legal age which boys and girls marry is fourteen and twelve years, respectively.

In many English places the women are addressed by their first names instead of by numbers, as they are here.

Jeffries-Johnson Fight

"The Biggest Story in the World at the Moment"

REX BEACH WILL WRITE IT FOR THE WASHINGTON HERALD.

He will not handle the technical details—these will be covered by expert sporting reporters at the ringside and telegraphed by rounds through the medium of the several press associations—but he will give you a vivid word picture of the battle on July 4, put you in immediate touch with the human interest phases of it, give you the psychological conclusions, and analyze the idea back of the event. No writer is better fitted than Rex Beach for a task like this. In the first place, he is himself one of the best amateur boxers in the United States. He is an all-around trained athlete. He knows the West; he knows her people; he has felt the hot blood of experience in his veins from actual contest with that vanishing frontier spirit which has so thrilled and finally made up what to-day typifies the blood and sinew of our American life.

A FAMOUS PRIZE FIGHT STORY.

Do you recall his description of the Gans-Herman fight at Tonopah, printed in Everybody's Magazine in April, 1907? If you read it, of course you recall it, for it was a classic of its kind. The editor of Everybody's said of it at the time: "It happens to be the most virile piece of writing we have had since the first installment of the Lawson series." And he said recently, in giving permission for the reproduction of certain portions of that descriptive story: "In my opinion, this article stands as one of the best pieces of reporting ever done in this country."

SKETCH OF HIS CAREER.

Rex Ellingwood Beach is a comparatively young man, but he has had a career so far that compares for vividness in some degree with that of Mark Twain, and perhaps this resemblance of experience partly accounts for the genuineness of his humor and the grip and reality with which he writes in his plays and stories.

Mr. Beach, who is now thirty-two years old, was born on a farm in Michigan in 1877, but most of his youth was spent in Florida, where he attended college. He went to Chicago to study law, but was swept away in the great wave of excitement over the discovery of gold in the Klondike region, and giving up his legal prospects, sailed for Alaska on four days' notice. That was in the late fall of the first season of gold prospecting in the North, and the United States was filled with horror at the reports of famine and the scarcity of all kinds of things in Alaska. Mr. Beach had to travel with scant provisions, both for financial reasons and because of the necessity for making haste.

In trying to get up to Dawson, the boat in which Mr. Beach and his party traveled was stranded on a bar, and they were compelled to turn back down the river, where a new camp was being built.

Mr. Beach was compelled to remain there two years, and he and those with him were reduced to the expedient of trying to induce passengers on the steamboat to Dawson to "grab-stake" them. He got away at last and began mining operations in earnest.

The first thing he did was to choose a partner, "in the depths of whose clear eye he saw unflinching truth and rectitude." This partner proved to be a sneak thief, who had been driven out of Seattle, and the connection was dissolved. The next partner was not much of an improvement on the first, for he turned out to be an ex-whaler who had mulcted on Herschel Island, helped to kill several of the ship's officers, and was wanted for arson somewhere on the upper river. He was found robbing sluices in the spring, and Mr. Beach's confidence in human nature was impaired.

Mr. Beach tells how, in order to repair his fortunes, he joined with two college boys, and began to chop wood for steamers. His partners were honest and hard working, but after suffering torture from mosquitoes and lack of food, and having "chopped off" all the toes they could spare, they were compelled to dispose of their wood at the ruinous price of \$10 a cord, although they began by asking \$40. Among his other adventures he was shipwrecked on his way to Nome in the early days and drifted on Bering Sea for three days and nights without food. After this he reached success, but he says that the passing of his biography on the ground that the story of man's success does not compare in interest with the tale of his "hard luck." Altogether, he was in Alaska five years, and saw the game through from beginning to end.



REX BEACH, AUTHOR AND DRAMATIST.

IN THE RING AT TONOPAH.

[Extracts of Beach's story of the Gans-Herman fight, reprinted from Everybody's, April, 1907, by special permission.]

You condemn pugilism as brutal, debasing, demoralizing, but did you ever see a fight? If so, did you analyze your feelings, did you study the man at your elbow as intently as you did the men inside the ropes? Did you note the effect of the fight upon them both and upon yourself, at the time and afterward? In other words, did you think? To you who have a well-settled prejudice against the game, this story is told, not as an argument for or against, but as a picture. It is the author's province to observe, and perhaps to analyze a bit. I question his right to moralize much. It is the duty of us all to know the thing we condemn, to see it as it is, if not with our own, then with another's eyes. We are a strong race, willing to face truth, to know conditions. You are the judge.

back of his hands were bunched and crooked where he had shattered them and driven them together. Name a football player who has played one season on varsity with as clean a body. Show a baseball player, who has made the university letter and who is maimed as little. As to his face, I saw nothing brutal in it. He impressed me as a quiet, well-mannered, intelligent colored man, humorous and shrewdly observant. At one time he was talking to me, as if this were all a very tiresome proposition and not worth the punishment it entailed.

As we entered, an hour before the fight, the carpenters walked out on the opposite side. Special trains brought in men from other camps, while out from the hidden valleys came many more, breaking through drifts or driving their carts across the desert. They came, in fur coats and chauffeur's leather, till the town, already full, bulged at its seams and leaked. In through tunnels beneath the banks of seats we jammed our way, out into the center where the ring stood, a rope-guarded platform padded with two inches of felt beneath a tight-stretched canvas which showed like a patch of snow. The seats were numbered, and the chairs in which I sat were numbered, the remaining seats diminished in price in the lower tiers, till the topmost ones brought \$5. The shouting of programme boys, the sniffling of chairs, and the tramping of lumberless thick-soled boots made the hollow floor rumble beneath the high roof like a splittling glacier.

A handsome, modestly gowned mulatto woman forced her way to a ring-side box near by. "That's Mrs. Gans," said "and she's the best-looking girl in the house. She double-discoons these fellows, and she's a real beauty." Scattered through the acres of white Stetson hats were women in furs of every color, and headgear of every style from shabby bonnets to opera hoods. Near by were two Englishmen, clean, ruddy fellows, in great coats of wombat fur, their red cheeks showing lurid and inflamed beneath the strange light. They were closely hedged about with other men, and yet they remained aloof and segregated from the rest by an indefinable line of demarcation. High up on our right sat a big man with long, drooping, comedy mustache who belched forth roar upon roar at regular intervals, the sound rising above other noises like the bellow of a bull walrus. Between yells he chewed gum excitedly. He saw no one about him, but gave tongue when the spirit moved.

Cartoonists have made us familiar with the pugilist as a type. We know the thick neck, the granite jaw, the conical head with ears far back, and the face of a simian. As a matter of fact, no real fighter ever looked like that. Indeed, in its entirety the popular idea of a prize fighter is erroneous. The prize fighter belongs to a distinguished and gentlemanly cult. He is rather a fine appearing person, quite on a par with literary people, and much healthier.

Although he has fought some hundred battles, Gans showed no marks save one. His features were as perfect as when he began, his nose as straight and firm. He bore no scars on head or face or limb, his teeth were as white and even as if cast from porcelain, no vein on his body was enlarged or broken. His skin was like brown satin, his joints as small and true as ever. Only in one spot did he show a trace. The bones at the

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At another time I heard a shrill voice at my back screaming, "Go it, Herman! Kill the nigger." A ten-year-old boy stood between his brother's knees, his tiny fists tight, his face flushed as with a fever. The sight sickened and shocked me more than anything I saw during the contest.

You may not approve of prize-fighting; comparatively few people do. But people generally read, and read with zest, the reports of great battles in the ring. You will read Rex Beach's story of the Jeffries-Johnson contest for the heavy-weight championship of the world, because it will be told in masterly style. It will have the literary, no less than the sporting, quality. He has been especially engaged to go to San Francisco and report this fight, and readers of The Washington Herald are thus assured the best stories from the scene that will be printed in this territory.